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MODERN PEDAGOGY;

A POEM,

BY GEORGE D. HUNT.



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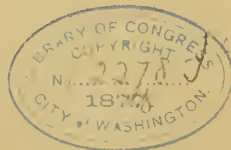
A POEM,

BY GEORGE D. HUNT.

“Teacher! to thyself,
Thou hast assumed responsibilities
Of crushing weight. A mighty, peerless work
Is thine. The golden chords attuned by thee,
Or grown by thy neglect, discordant; not
In time alone, but through the limitless
Expanse of all eternity, shall throb;
And should one note, which thou by greater care,
More zealous labors, or by added skill,
Might now attune in harmony, be found
At last, in dissonance with virtue, truth,
Or mental symmetry, in Heaven’s sight,
Methinks a fearful guilt will on thee rest.”

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INTRODUCTION.

WHAT aspects modern teaching shows,
What fruit from mental culture grows,
The Teacher's good and noble deeds,
Who youthful mind to wisdom leads;—
No themes more worthy of the Muse
Than these, can humble author choose.
His good designs—his errors too,
In light of candor brought to view;—
What aids his work, or it defeats,
How sometimes filled with vain conceits,
Some persons are from book-taught lore,
And high in fame expect to soar;—
All these set forth in open style,
(To which if you give heed awhile,)
Will give a chance for you to see
A moral, good for you or me.

The various traits of youthful mind,
Which teachers will be sure to find;—
What anxious care is often spent,
With boys on furtive mischief bent,—
By what renown their task is crowned,
When vice to check, the means are found;—
If I could picture these in rhyme,
Though not in style that's called sublime;
Then might I hope my humble lay,
Some scenes in school work would portray.
When teachers sin and sloth arrest,
Their work should rank among the best;—

It proves them to their calling true,
And claims respect which is their due.

Upon their failings some descant ;—
A freedom I will deign to grant ;
But I will then a privilege claim—
Some homebred follies speak by name.
From faults you find few teachers free—
In common people more you'll see ;
If these impartial you should judge,
And those, their due, you don't begrudge ;—
If these with those we should compare,
In manner that you say is fair ;
The sins which you on teachers charge,
Although you note both small and large,
Just let us count them by per cent,
Then see what number homes present,
To speak of homes perhaps you say,
I have no right. *Tell why, I pray.*
'Tis there both good and evil grow ;—
Just as we reap of what we sow ;
If teachers you must criticise ;
'Tis just for them to make replies.
In management at home, we see,
Or think we see, much anarchy ;
As much of discord and misrule
As you will find in any school.

CANTO I.

THE TEACHER'S MISSION.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.—*Thomson.*

Who will say the teacher's mission

Is not one of hope and love?

Who will say no joys elysian

Wait him in his home above?—*Heart Problems.*

THE Teacher's rich and truly great—
His cultured mind—a rich estate;
Though worldly wealth he ne'er possess,
Or penury upon him press;
No greater man the nation holds
Than him, the youthful mind, who molds.
His might of intellect alone
Will place him on a kingly throne.
And docile mind his kingdom be,
His subjects all be made to see,
That ignorance is naught but crime,
And wisdom renders life sublime.

Who rules his country, and rules well?

Whose deeds shall page of history tell?

Or who a reign of peace sustain,

And every human right maintain?

Should leagued oppression desolate

Fair lands with war and carnage great;

Where liberty did once prevail;—
 Should people there in terror quail,
 And dwell in dread of tyrant's might,
 Which aims their prospered works to blight;—
 If wicked men in arms rebel,
 Their dire designs, who then shall quell?
 Who shall disarm the fearful foe,
 And thus avert a nation's woe?
 The man for this the Teacher trains,
 But he a poor reward obtains.
 The teacher's work just now unseen,
 The future president I ween,
 And statesmen wise, for what they know,
 Their gratitude to him will owe.

His deeds, the people low may rate—
 The seed he sows, in future date,
 Will grow and ripen into fruit
 Which active mind and heart will suit.
 Then where's the man of nobler fame,
 Whose burning zeal is less to blame?
 His pupils all he fain would see,
 From error's bondage fairly free,
 And on the Hill of Science too,
 A host of learners, glad to view
 Their upward course;—he shows the way,
 Illumed by virtue's cheering ray,
 To where Truth's honored temple stands,
 And strength of wisdom mind expands;
 He brings to light their hidden parts,
 And finds their place in useful arts.
 His richest trophies oft he finds
 In those whose rash and haughty minds,

At first he sees with great surprise,
 Will fail his worth to recognize,
 When to his guidance these submit,
 Or at his feet as learners sit;
 What wealth of knowledge he may own,
 The later life of these has shown.

The Teacher's Mission, when fulfilled,
 Will give us mind in science skilled—
 Will point where fields of labor lie,
 In which our talents to apply,
 And render aid in gaining wealth,
 Likewise what means promote our health.
 Nor commerce and the useful trades,
 Employing men of divers grades,
 Can prosper save as science guides,
 Or work for every class provides.
 When school-taught persons fail to learn,
 How they to useful arts may turn
 The knowledge they in pup'lage gain,
 We must conclude their studies vain;
 Their morals failing, too, to shine,
 As renders man almost divine;
 The case of these we much deplore,
 For fools are they and nothing more;
 How to correct mistakes like theirs,
 Becomes a part of teachers' cares.

A stubborn intellect to train,
 Regarding study with disdain,
 May sometimes be his painful task;—
 What then he'll do, if me you ask;
 In answer I can only say,
 An effort will his skill display.

Some avenues unto the mind,
 By dextrous trials he may find ;—
 Through these some seeds of knowledge send,
 And prove himself the pupil's friend :
 If good results from this do come,
 His pupil far from being dumb,
 A scholar, bright may sometime be.
 A captive mind from bondage free.
 But fruits we seldom see, like these,
 For youth there are like callous trees,
 Which only stand and larger grow,
 But cultured mind they never know.

For wildness which no art can tame,
 Some silly folks the teachers blame ;
 They then need learn the stubborn truth,
 How parents stamp the mind of youth.
 Since Nature stronger is than Art,
 A teacher acting well his part,
 Can only give a right control,
 And guide the learner to his goal.
 'Tis he whose heart with rapture yearns,
 To aid with counsel him who learns,
 And sows the seeds of knowledge where,
 The virgin soil he can prepare,
 That TEACHER true and live we call,
 Though not engaged in learning's hall.

Should you traverse your country through,
 And all its varied aspects view ;—
 Observe where crime the least is found,
 And moral virtues most abound,—
 Where Science has enlightened mind—
 Where Wisdom's peaceful ways you find,

Which prompt to live in harmony ;—
'Tis *there* the Teacher's work you'll see.

I view the farm whose tillage tells
What enterprise upon it dwells ;—
In happy homes as transient guest,
Their social joys to me attest
The power benign that learning holds.
And means of peace that it unfolds.
The latent powers possessed by mind,
Thus to remain were ne'er designed ;
But if research we ne'er apply,
They in obscurity must lie,
Like "Gems of purest ray serene,"
Or "Flowers that blush and fade unseen ;"
The Teacher these to us reveals,
As morning sun. what night conceals.

CANTO II.

THE TEACHER'S ADVERSITIES.

How oft the wisest on misfortunes shelves,
Are wrecked by errors most unlike themselves.—*Campbell.*

I blame not those, who with what care they can,
O'erwatch the numerous and unruly clan ;
Or, if I blame, 'tis only that they dare
Promise a work, of which they must despair.—*Cowper.*

THE wants of pupils to supply,
A pleasing task, to fleeting eye,
Would seem, if all they need to learn,
• Were deemed a thing of due concern ;
To render this in measure just,
Becomes the honest teacher's trust.
This task with pleasures he assumes,
Who skill in it, himself he plumes ;
This task performed requital claims,
For native rudeness thus he tames.
But many purse-proud men there are,
Who honor due, from him debar ;
E'en though possessed of talents rare,
And character that's passing fair ;
While much of good he glad would do,
With much regret I say 'tis true,
His calling low the people rate,
And oft he feels the vain man's hate.

'Tis those most wise in their conceit,
 Who oft his good designs defeat;
 What foibles he by chance possess,
 They with presuming cant will guess.
 These are in schools a source of dread;
 Of such the Sage of Proverbs said:—
 "Seest thou a man wise in conceit,"
 And ruled by prejudice complete,
 We well may add; more hope of fools,
 Than them, have we, to judge our schools.
 We sad and mortified do feel,
 When these sly wits our faults reveal;
 For chance to grumble gives delight
 To them as much as what's—*all right*.
 Some lack disciplinary skill,
 And hence all duties can't fulfill;
 The case of them becomes much worse,
 By charge of pupils so perverse,
 As know not how control to brook,
 Or pleasure find in any book.
 The teacher's fitness they impeach,
 Or in his rules will make a breach;
 They make for him an irksome work,
 By playing off with spiteful quirk:
 His good advice they daily slight,
 While he for them with all his might,
 Seeks out from things both old and new,
 Such maxims as he knows are true;
 It gives to him no little pain,
 To see how youth will these disdain.

In darling children parents see
 All beauty, truth and honesty,

Whom teachers view in other light.
 And find instead much hateful spite;—
 This, overweening love conceals—
 Its pungency the teacher feels.

In vain he ever castigates
 For what a parent instigates.
 Some narrow minds there are blame
 On him what is a household shame:—
 For duty just he then may find
 How rancor springs from haughty mind;
 A fathers's vengeance he may fear.
 Or from a wrathful mother hear:
 Then much it aggravates his woes,
 If trusted friends should turn to foes;—
 And, worst of all, may lose his place,
 Obligated to leave in deep disgrace.
 A triumph of a rebel crew;—
 (Sad scene for moralist to view!)
 The charge of all is laid on him,
 So rules the reckless public whim.

The good instructor's work undone.
 In truth is Satan's work begun;
 Maligned by freakish youth may he,
 To prejudice a martyr be.
 When youth despise his warning voice,
 And make in ways of sin their choice,
 At which the parents dare connive,
 Who 'gainst vile nature never strive,
 Or like to see such passions glow,
 As freakish youth will often show;
 He then may start on his retreat,
 And shake the dust from off his feet.

Defeats like these, when they occur,
 A better sense will oft bestir;
 The Teacher's wrongs which we may see,
 Will claim for him our sympathy.

The public mind the teacher makes,
 But slow it is to see mistakes,
 And of its work it much complains;—
 Proclaims its schools a loss of pains;
 Forsooth the cause it does not see,
 Though plain it seem to you or me.
 What most our precious youth do need,
 Is what the people fail to heed;
 If this your study you should make,
 And how the mind you may awake,
 To sense of what will be its gain,
 When cultured genius o'er it reign;
 A teacher true, you then will be,
 To this the public will agree;
 But then in practice of the art
 Which will improve both mind and heart;
 Your merit and your worth to see,
 You'll find the people slow to be.
 Though plain before a pupil's eyes,
 You place what you so highly prize,
 Your precious gift perhaps he'll spurn—
 To sloth and folly choose to turn,
 And then for what of these he views,
 His teacher's skill he will accuse.
 Some youngsters think they will advance,
 And much their mental powers enhance,
 With teachers having tact and brains,
 Though they apply but little pains;

'Too much from them they will expect—
 To their control they'll not subject,
 Nor them allow to guide their mind,
 In which great pleasure they would find;
 For bidding light of science beam
 O'er mind a pleasure they would deem.

From hearts which are to evil prone,
 And which we must compare to stone,
 The roots of vice attempt extract,
 Though you, by sacred duty backed;
 Adverse indeed will be your case
 In working for this ingrate race;
 For your reward look not to them,
 While they your righteous zeal condemn.
 We read of one in ancient days,
 Whom all the Christian world doth praise;
 Yet he declares at Ephesus:
 (How passing strange it seems to us!)
 With men like wild beast there he fought,
 Though he for them "Glad tidings" brought.
 Some pupils, parents too, are found,
 Whose froward tempers will astound;
 Perhaps you ask what then to do,
 I say, like Paul, *just be to duty true*.
 Where thorns and brambles rampant grow,
 Rich soil is often found below;
 Likewise a rude and boist'rous mind,
 By pure morality refined,
 The best of human traits may show—
 The heart with piety may glow.

Though persecution be our lot,
 From well known duty shrink we not;

But we must ever keep in mind
How the Great Teacher of mankind,
And prophets too, whose holy zeal,
The sinful tribes were made to feel,
Encountered more of just the same,
Which gave to them posthumous fame.
To them we justly owe a debt,
For good examples which we get ;
Which teach to us of modern time,
The way to "Make our lives sublime."
The ancient prophets heavenly fire,
Our minds to glory should inspire ;
For moral duties fully done,
Much gratitude is justly won ;
Though to and fro by malice tossed,
The TEACHER'S work will not be lost.

CANTO III.

THE TEACHER'S VANITY.

'Tis an old maxim of the schools,
That vanity's the food of fools ;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.—*Swift*.

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart ;
The proud to gain it, toil on toils endure ;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure. — *Young*.

NO art or trade is free from quacks ;
Look where you please, you find their tracks ;
In all professions not a few,
Illegal aims therein pursue ;
Though Teaching is a noble art,
Which aims true wisdom to impart,
And for its practice has a claim
On minds of true and honest frame ;
'Mongst those who are engaged in it,
And deemed to be completely fit,
I must declare that there are those
Whom justice prompts me to expose.
Some persons have a secret sin ;
In some sly tricks it will begin :
When fellow teachers in this guilt,
In pride and self importance built,
Lay crafty schemes, their names to raise,
Or on your place with envy gaze ;

Their quips and airs give you to see
 Their ill-placed fears of rivalry ;
 Pre-eminent they wish to stand—
 To your mishaps they point a hand.
 Some failings you may have—though small ;
 For this you know's the lot of all ;
 Yet you may have redeeming traits—
 A fact which to your credit rates,
 And claims respect from candid men,
 Though less your talents be than ten.
 Your moral worth, though plain in sight,
 And actions mainly in the right,
 Too seldom get what is their due ;
 Instead, a sneer is thrust at you.
 Thus some will think to raise in fame,
 By slyly black'ning your good name ;—
 Your foibles they will magnify—
 Your better parts unmarked pass by.

Of wrongs in schools, while much you say,
 Just take a look a certain way,
 Then you will see from what they come ;—
Vain Teachers are the cause of some.
 Temptations are so thick and strong,
 That frequent with the tempted throng,
 The learned are drawn from Virtue's ways,
 In strife for honored place to raise.

Some persons with presuming cant,
 And great conceit will boldly vaunt
 Themselves so very circumspect
 And sure impostors to detect ;

They never lose their dimes or cents,
 By subtle games of confidence;
 Yet teacher-craft will them engage,
 And make them think a fool—a sage,
 Whose tricks and arts will claim their cash,
 And in return give gaudy trash;
 Yet people think not much amiss;
 While modest worth is kept at bay.
 And bold address allowed its sway;
 Then useful lessons we may learn.
 As public weakness we discern.

School patrons have their favorites—
 They nourish them like darling pets,
 And under them their children place,
 While they exult with brazen face,
 And with such helps will make a show,
 Though little they of science know;
 The school room duties much they slight.
 And yet they pass as if—*all right*;
 While others with a cringing soul,
 Will strive the public to cajole;—
 In arts of this their powers exert,
 Then claim a teacher's just desert;
 If popular they chance to be,
 Or skilled in arts of flattery,
 Then customers they ne'er will lack;
 No jealous rivals dare attack,
 Nor try to tarnish their good name,
 Or hinder their ascent in fame.

In numerous ways a public pet,
 When in the teacher's place is set.

Will claim respect as something great,
 But his pretense is learned too late;
 For what he knows, or what can do,
 Is understood by only few;
 None question his scholastic lore,
 But all his place and name adore:
 In little else, he pleasure sees,
 But how his patrons most to please:
 The dormant mind, he seldom wakes
 To sense of what true valor makes.

On credit pop'lar teachers live—
 Such as the cred'lous people give:
 Their lack of wit, and teaching too.
 In smatt'ring dunces come to view.
 When born of noble pedigree,
 And bearing name of family,
 On which an honored title stands,
 Great patronage he then commands;
 Though much in teaching skill he lack,
 Who dares to say he's but a quack?
 The value of a noble birth
 Is sooner seen than learning's worth,
 Or wisdom's polish on the mind,
 Among the mass of rude mankind.

There is a glozing erudite,
 Whose tactics should be brought to light;
 By craft that he exerts in blab,
 He often makes a "salary grab,"
 Yet seeming just presents a claim,
 For service done in learning's name.
 "Good satisfaction" to the most,
 Or "much beliked" his dupes will boast;—

How this he does, perhaps you ask,
 His craft you wish me to unmask.
 In answer I will only say,
 'Gainst teaching frauds we should inveigh ;
 If I, the truth in plainness tell,
 A charge at home you can't repel ;
 The reckless public gives him chance ;
 And clears the way for his advance ;
 A teacher's wages he will take—
 A name of honor strive to make ;
 His fellow teachers all he hates—
 Their merits, he at discount rates,
 Pretends in them no good to see,
 Though they, as good, or better, be :—
 Thus sad reproach he brings on schools—
 His minions being pliant tools.
 As noisome weeds seek richest soil,
 Where might good fruits reward your toil,
 So teaching quacks will ply their trade,
 And find their dupes in every grade,
 Whose wish to learn becomes their game
 From them they filch both wealth and fame.

CANTO IV.

THE TEACHER'S HOME LIFE.

Him, social duties call the tear to dry,
And make the nobler powers of usefulness to ply.—*Kirk White.*

Seasons there are that soothe his checkered lot,
 Lighten his toils, and soften every care,
And livelier transports kindle in his breast,
 When round the world he casts a heedful eye,
Observes those states where learning has progressed,
 While other lands in savage darkness lie.—*Joseph Shreve*

IF life at home you're pleased to scan,
The teacher as a social man,
You must not pass in cold neglect
For scenes that charm you may expect,
When from his charge you find him free,
Partaking joys of family;
Perhaps not thus by fortune blest.
He suffers from its hard behest;
Your welcome guest, he then should be—
In converse ask him to be free,
To speak of things that all should learn,
And name rewards that studies earn;
Then hear him tell of Nature's laws,
Or trace effect to hidden cause—
How science will enlighten mind,
And help the useful arts to find;—

Historic page with spoils of time,
 Heroic deeds or national crime;—
 In these, some moral he will teach,
 Perhaps he will both please and preach.

The teacher true, where'er he be,
 The teacher still, you always see;—
 By converse, you some good may learn.
 If to his presence you but turn.
 His fund of knowledge larger grows,
 Though he impart where'er he goes;
 Some good for all he glad would do,
 Or talk of things he knows are true.

Though much on lofty themes he dwell.
 Some tender thoughts he can't repel,
 And much he feels an inward flame—
 A passion which I need not name.
 A heart responsive if he find,
 In which he sees a right combined,
 Respect for truth and learning too,
 And moral virtues plain in view,
 Which in our schools we're bound to teach.
 A boon of bliss he then may reach.
 But there are some whom fair you call,
 Except by sex not fair at all;
 When such a teacher's heart entrap,
 'Tis well to ponder his mishap.
 They, who, to books are much consigned,
 Too often fail to learn mankind,
 Or by what tricks the wily fair,
 The heart of thoughtless wight ensnare;
 While they with honeyed words will gloze,
 Their hearts are cold as Arctic snows;

Yet women deem we not the worst,
 With many vices men are curst;
 Though both from failings are not free,
 Some model ones we daily see :—
 Now if you ask me who are they,
 Just mark what in reply I say.

About the earth in schools you learn—
 To maps and charts you often turn
 To find the shape of land and sea,
 And I would urge my strongest plea,
 To vindicate the worth of all
 That's learned of this terrestrial ball.
 Observe its varied soils and climes—
 Its parts not easy shown in rhymes ;—
 One region has productive land,
 Another naught but desert sand,
 In books you read of mountains high,
 Of prairies wide that charm the eye,
 Of fertile plains, and forests wild,
 Of Greenland cold, and Europe mild ;
 Then History tells of man's advance—
 His enterprise that found its chance
 To work in new discovered lands ;
 Which brought reward to toiling hands.
 Where once was naught but forests drear,
 Well cultured farms and towns appear :
 Thus Nature's wildness man may change,
 Where'er his mind is free to range,
 If unrestrained his well taught might,
 In noble purpose has the right.

In human kind a parallel
 There is, about which I must tell ;—

The mind its different phases shows,
 No less than Earth—its heat and snows.
 Some minds there are that do compare
 To lands of every fruitage bare ;
 Like precious gems some others are,
 (Which people rate not quite at par.)
 Some sterling merits they possess,
 Unrecognized for want of dress.
 To train aright such minds as these,
 Will bring results that surely please :
 Since human enterprise has found,
 The use of much we see around,
 If mind's domain we fail t'explore,
 Less gain we from scholastic lore.
 Make ye, the traits of mind to see,
 The end and aim of study be—
 To know what are its better parts.
 And these apply in useful arts :
 Or even in the social way,
 Its goodly virtues to display ;
 For teachers this is lawful work—
 A great mistake for them to shirk.
 In pupils often will they find
 Bright intellect and docile mind.
 There may be some who in the schools,
 Will seem to be but nature's fools ;
 A teacher, such, should never slight,
 But try them with his social might.
 In science, they, not much of skill
 May show ; what place for them to fill,
 He, to discover, should then try,
 A genius there he may deecry,

If taught aright, in future day,
 Which might "The rod of empire sway."
 But if his inclination suit,
 Or point to humbler life's pursuit ;
 To aid such pupil make a choice,
 He needs the prudent teacher's voice.

O'er themes like these. I cease to roam,
 And now I turn to thoughts of home :
 Its joys and pleasures whence they come,
 Its happy members how become ;
 For this to find, your knowledge try—
 To it your mental powers apply.
 They who in this department fail,
 And misery on self entail,
 In spite of all they've learned in schools,
 No better are than self-made fools.
 But hearts congenial, each to each,
 Whose honor none will dare impeach,
 Will render what we all admire,
 And such to find we all desire.
 Observing men have often found,
 Though much they looked in places round,
 In humble spot, just what they sought,
 Which happiness to them has brought ;
 And teachers have we known to find,
 Within their schools their most loved kind ;
 Then marvel not at what I say,
 For 'tis as clear as light of day ;
 To know and practice what is best,
 We think that they are highly blest ;
 If then they practise as they teach,
 As we expect of those who preach,

All social virtues they will show,
To which their learning tends, I trow.
Such facts as these they clearly prove,
As they in social circles move,
Or find in their profession those
Whose love with theirs in concord grows ;—
A partner for the tour of life,
A husband true, or faithful wife,
For choice of either, 'tis no jest,
To say that teachers make the best.

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CANTO V.

THE TEACHER'S HELPS.

They sin who deem

There can be discord between love and love.—*Bickersteth.*

Heaven forming each on other to depend,

A master, or a servant, or a friend,

Bids each on other for assistance call,

Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.—*Pope.*

IF all that critics say were true,
Good teachers would be very few;
But I, in candor must declare,
That they are neither scarce nor rare;
For many, with the gift to teach,
No patrons trust can ever reach;
Too modest they, to boast their skill,
Or make parade of their good will,
Which in employ they'd manifest,
And pupil's progress would attest.
If such as these you can obtain,
Their policy you should sustain,
If held in just esteem were they,
From schools they ne'er would turn away.

When doating friends have given aid,
Weak teachers have apparent made,
Success which they would never see,
Were help officious not so free.

A hint from this should patrons take,
 How more efficient schools to make ;
 If right the teacher's standard be,
 Their approbation he should see ;
 Good discipline which they uphold.
 Though youth may be self-willed and bold.
 Their freakish nature will restrain,
 Or take from them what's vile and vain ;
 In learning pupils then advance,
 And schools their usefulness enhance.

Of teachers' faults much might I write,
 Which better be kept out of sight :
 In charity I would not chide,
 What "failings lean to virtue's side."
 Of grievous faults are some possest—
 With sterling parts are others blest ;
 In none perfection will you find,
 The best to their defects not blind,
 To them a sense of error brings
 Enough of conscientious stings ;
 Forthwith, when knowing of mistake.
 A reparation good they make ;
 Not satisfied at all are they,
 Without improvement every day ;
 Both "meat and drink" in this they find,
 And guiding right the dawning mind ;
 Just place your trust in teachers true,
 Then peerless work for you they'll do.

When no advancement you can see,
 It is no lack of charity
 To investigate and know the cause ;
 But ere you censure teachers—*pause*.

The pupil's progress seeming small,
 Blame not his teacher for it all ;
 Of intellect he may be weak,
 Or ruled by silly parents' freak.
 The love of praise in youthful mind,
 A ruling power you often find ;
 With it engaged in learning's aid,
 Improvement great have pupils made.
 The teacher's acts which you approve,
 Like deeds to do the pupil move ;
 How much of progress pupils make,
 Or interest in their studies take,
 Should be to you a deep concern—
 For their advance your hearts should yearn ;
 And they should know that you admire
 The end attained which you require.

This calling has a standard true,
 Though recognized by only few ;
 To many more it might be known,
 If less to folly they were prone :—
 Good judgment is what patrons need,
 And for its practice I would plead.
 In places fit should houses stand,
 With rooms and rules discreetly planned—
 Have other needed things supplied—
 Let their good works awake your pride ;
 Then schools their object would fulfill,
 And more of wisdom would instill.
What makes good teachers? you inquire ;
 That all should know I much desire.
 For teaching would you have some rules ?
 You'll get them at the normal schools ;

There much of The'ry you may learn—
 To Practice then your knowledge turn—
 Be governed next by common sense,
 And hence proceeds your recompense.
 From your experience you'll confess,
 The source of failure or success,
 Professional men much better know
 Than those who think their wit to show,
 When teachers' frailties they expose.
 Or drop some hints whence scandal grows.

'Tis not from books or normal schools
 That teachers get the surest rules,
 By which the youthful mind to guide,
 Or it engage on Virtue's side.
 By practice, only, them they'll learn,
 But humble hints they must not spurn.
 Yet outside forces strong will be,
 And to their charge give energy :
 From outside help success may come—
 Its want—a teacher's zeal benumb :
 Its want good teachers often feel,
 As crippled works by them reveal.
 The best of teachers seldom find
 A place where they can please each mind ;
 Some reasons why I've told before.
 And now I might tell many more.
 Of worthless schools less will there be,
 When youth and parents learn to see
 Faults in themselves, the public too,
 And these remove, then rightly view
 What duties they in justice owe,
 That youth in righteous ways may go.

Respect to teachers freely shown,
 Though meaning complaisance alone,
 From schoolboys will procure regard,
 Or waywardness in them retard;
 Their teacher, too, they will revere—
 To slight his precepts they will fear.
 When patrons shall his labor deem,
 To be deserving high esteem,
 And wages, such as will sustain
 His fortitude through toil and pain.
 The friends of learning hence may see
 A fact that cannot plainer be;—
 As we enlighten public mind,
 We better schools and teachers find.
 Just make the homes what they should be,
 For all have some delinquency;
 Of failures then less would we hear—
 Progressive schools our hearts would cheer.

Ye parents, guardians of the youth,
 A mighty charge is yours forsooth:
 A debt you owe the future age,
 Which should your aid in schools engage.
 When model teachers you can find,
 Be sure in service them to bind;
 Since training youth to ways of right
 Affords to them their chief delight,
 Their service you may easy gain,
 And much of good from them obtain.

Then give your teachers due support,
 Good works their worth will soon report;

Give them the liberty to teach,
A chance the pliant mind to reach,
And treat them as their calling claims,
Then might we see 'mong honored names,
The name of Teacher next in place
To his who preaches God's rich grace.







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